



Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44...... NO. 15,381.

#### THE COTTON CORNER.

When the cotton shorts settled with the master of the market, W. P. Brown, on Tuesday, the scene is said to have been one of the most exciting in the recent history of speculation. Except that the commodity dealt in was cotton and not wheat the description of the "screaming brokers" fighting against the inevitable settlement or abjectly throwing themselves on the speculator's mercy in his office, "a veritable torture chamber." was a page from "The Pit"-but with this difference, that it was fact exceeding fiction in dramatic intensity of interest.

During the day the former farm boy of the pine lands, by a nod of his head, put up the price of cotton \$7.50 a bale and forced that price on the markets of London and Liverpool. It was a great triumph; no financial Jupiter of modern times has been able to do more. The pool's net profits have been \$7,000,000.

But in giving Brown his meed of praise for his success, and not forgetting Sully, let us recall briefly the history of the corner since its formation in February.

Beginning with purchases of May options at 8.81 the speculator soon forced the price of cotton up to 11.15 cents a pound. Early in June it had advanced 52 points, and the staple was selling at what was the highest price since 1879. The market was then "completely at Brown's mercy." The high prices were "menacing the Brown's mercy." The high prices were "menacing the dry-goods trade." On June 25 New England mills began Hustling New Yorkers to close. By June 29 "all the cotton in sight" was Brown's. English looms were thrown into idleness and Lancashire industries were reported to be "fighting for

July 15 cotton mills began to close in numbers; two days later 15,000 operators were idle in Fall River. On Aug. 18 6,000 more employees were thrown into enforced idleness, and on Sept. 5, when the ring had \$7,000,-000 in profits in sight, 1.300,000 spindles were idle. On Sept. 21 the number of idle spindles was 3,000,000. Fully 50,000 persons were out of work, and in England whole villages were idle and cotton spinners were

This is the other side of the Brown triumph, and it makes a less pleasing picture. The jewelry salesmen cut Fall River out of their routes this autumn; it was a small sign signifying much.

What is the moral responsibility of the gambler who, to increase his profits, has brought hardship into thou-

Is not such gambling criminal? Is not such a gambler one of the worst enemies of society?

#### CAPT. PIPER'S RAID.

Not since the retirement last spring of a patrolman for "obesity acquired in the line of duty" has there been a more ludicrous incident of department history than the descent of Deputy Commissioner Piper on the somnolent City Hall police. In the "old mon's home," as Devery called this station-house, the invader found the sergeant napping in the back room, the roundsman nodding, the interfering with the game. doorman off duty. After a search of twenty minutes through the posts of the narrow precinct he came upon one lone patrolman on his beat. "Any one might have run off with the City Hall clock," said Piper.

The irony of this is that one of the most vigilant squads in the service was caught napping; a good commander should have placed his outposts to better advantage. But three nights before the City Hall force had acquitted itself with great distinction in the rout of the Greek peanut men. With an admirable intrepitity suffice for an adult. gathered in a station-houseful of contraband of war. If it rested on its laurels rather too long and succumbed to somnolence the fault lies with fate.

The charges to be preferred against the negligent policemen will do good in restoring a relaxed discipline. In recent years there have been numerous hold-ups within earshot of the City Hall station. The state of cobble stones. affairs when Capt. Piper appeared unexpectedly was such as to invite lawlessness right under the station-house

#### THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Esther Carey, an old domestic servant of the Kobbe family, was buried yesterday by her employers with marks of the esteem which her faithful service deserved. She was eighty years old and she had been the servant of three generations of the family, covering a period of sixty-three years.

Domestic service when long and faithfully performed results in ties of affection between employer and employed. In the old Granary burying ground in Boston, where the headstones are thick with the names of persons illustrious in the country's early history, there is a slate slab to the memory of "Prince, servant of John Hancock." To see it is to appreciate the depth of this

In slaveholding days where a lifetime was passed on the plantation this bond was severed only by death. The young black boy who became "marster's" body servant remained in friendly intimacy with him to the last. In South Orange an old colored woman, Mildred Lomox. past eighty, is living with the granddaughter of the mistress whom she served as a slave. One of the oldest servants in this region is Adaline Smith, who has been with the Hayner family, of Yonkers, for sixty-seven

When such a servant dies the funeral at the employer's expense is one of the smallest of his tributes to

#### PRESIDENTIAL NAMESAKES.

A youth bearing the name of Grover Cleveland Fuller is earning \$50,000 a year as a jockey. The fact is more than notable as the achievement of a namesake.

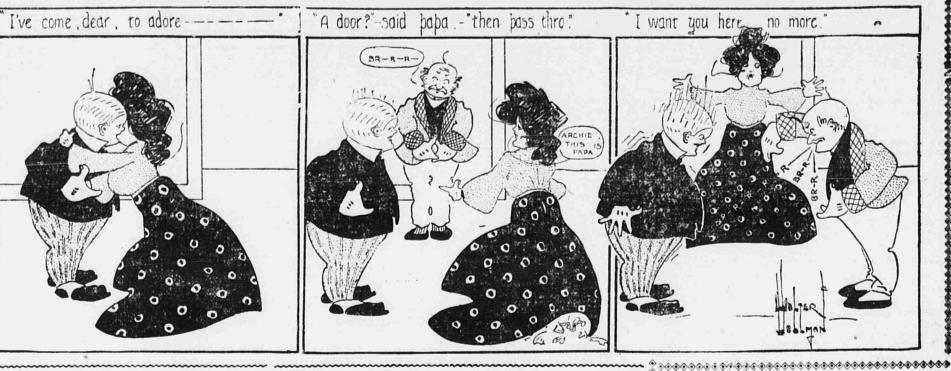
Is not the burden of a great name baptismally applied usually an insuperable hardship to a boy's individual greatness? Of two McClellan namesakes known to the writer one is still earning daily wages and is "Mac" to all; the other's success has come since he discarded the distinguishing feature of his given name. Grant and Garfield namesakes are doubtless too young to have accomplished much; the Fuller lad has gained fame in an exceptional profession requiring precocity. But is there a Fillmore Smith or a Buchanan Robinson of whom the world knows? Is there a Longfellow Jones

Tennyson Taylor? A Webster Johnson?
The slights done a child by parental neglect or select that of the imposition of a name through addition of a man who has made it great is not the least gering after effects. The boy is branded for father has done him an ill turn from which gypsy blood." rior talent can relieve him.

## The Misadventures of Archie—An Icy Occasion with Edith's Father.







# Physical Culture

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LESSON II.

the Bridge Rush.

fall, dress yourself neatly and carefully and proceed to some vacant lot near an iron foundry

Undoubtedly there will be a football game on between rival boilermakers.

Make your way casually through the of rooters and approach the

The minute you see the man with the ball rushing over the green pur-



After the Scrimmage.

ush forward and grapple with him. During the ensuing few minutes you vill have some lively exercise with the avalanche of hammer swingers who will endeavor to tear you to pieces for Unless your nerves are very weak

his exercise should be pursued studiously every week. If you are not lucky enough to have he Saturday half-holiday the following

may be substituted: Enter a Clan-Na-Gail meeting when in full swing carrying a large orange banper and wearing a placard lettered

'A. P. A." across your breast. Another simple treatment is to keep a

After a few turns with the brush alpassing ice wagon. If possible select only streets with

This brisk exercise can be taken a often as desired.

#### GOT THE REWARD.

A superstitious Ozark County young man tried recently for luck to kiss the her. He is now nursing two black eyes right.-Kansas City Journal.

## Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late. >>



#### Feather & By Fergus Hume & Rainbow By Permission of G. W. Dillingham Co.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

"Mother Jimboy knew I was to meet
Mily Lesser, a village beauty, is en
Mily Lesser, and the received me later, warred me not to
fine bead, is found in a lase. Her father, a
Reporter, who is in love with Mily a
Reporter, who is in love with Mily to
the sight of which kinews livered in the
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"No. But you know who fired the You know Ho, ne killed Mille Lester." ' 3o far as I know, Herne did nothing of the sort," retorted Lovel decidedly. Then if neither of you killed her,

who did?"
"That," sighed Lovel, "is a question I ask myself a hundred times a day. Since you know so much, let me tell you all I know. In the first place, Gran Jimbby is my grandmother. I did not know it until she revealed it to me the day of the murder, although the old aunt who brought me up told me I had gypsy blood."

Which Columbia bestowed on him eleven have softened his resentment against the title he so worthly bears.

New York small boys who have been interested in "miggies" for the last two the term "Professor" when applied to him by admiring students, but when playthings. Football engages their attention. So soon as there is a 'varsity up he rebelled. He is even quoted as gypsy blood."

He paused. Then went on.

there lay before him a neat silver-plated pistol, the weapon, as he knew without being told, with which Milly had been killed. As in the case of the incriminatory revolver of Dr. Lester, produced by Miss Clyde, there was a name on the butt. "Francis Chaskin" was the name. Stories Gold About New Yorkers. Jo Jo

butt. "Francis Chaskin" was the name.

"So he killed her, after all!" cried Lovel, and handed the weapon to Paul, with a flerce light in his eyes.

"Aye, aye; its so," mumbled gran, wetting her dry lips. "I was at the stille when mun fired the pistol."

"Did you see him kill the gir!?"

"No," replied Mrs. Jimbov. "but I seed him on the common afore I came to the stille. He walked to the lane, an' I hears the shot. When I gat to that stile, I see nothing but the dead maid. After I sees summat bright on the ground timkle-twinkle in the moonlight. Twas yon pistol, dearle; an' I picked it up an' run back to my tent quick as my old legs could carry me."

"Iso continued?"

"I

The Way Women Run a Club. SEE they've got a soldier on guard at that meeting of a woman's club up in New Haven," said the Cigar Store Man.

The Man

Higher Up.

"For mine," said the Man Higher Up, "It

would be anything but that soldier's job. The way I frame it up from the reliable and truthful public prints, he is the lookout. There is a bunch of determined females outside and a bunch of determined females inside. He is to keep the bunches apart; and I'll bet he'd rather be on the Bowery.

"You never hear of a meeting of a woman's club that hasn't got an account of a scrap shuffled into it. A gang of men can get together and do each other up without any unseemly display of violence, but women, bless 'em, are only balked from sailing into each other when there is a disagreement by the fact that their corsets are too tight.

"There is a reason for this. In the first place, woman who has got time enough on her hands to join a club is generally the trousers wearer in her own home. She's got the old man to a stage where he's afraid to let a peep out of himself. When the club gag comes up he falls to it with joy, because it keeps dear mother away from the house.

"Scramble together a lot of women who are bosses at home in a club and you can bet your right ear against a pair of crutches that each individual female has got n her mind the idea that she is going to be the boss of that particular gathering or know the reason why. And when the reason why comes along she don't know it, no matter how hard it strikes her

"Women are naturally suspicious of each other. It's an old scream that if three of them get together the chew the rag until they are blue in the face, because one is afraid to go for fear the other two will roast her to a frazzle. Take fifty or more of them, each with an ambition, put them in a room, start a discussion, and M is like tossing a lighted cigar into a pile of

gunpowder. "After a club is running a while a couple of strongminded sisters walk on the others so persistently that they gain recogniton as the goods. There are always two or more. The club of women never existed that had one absolute dictator for any length of time. If she became deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic, the others would figure out some way in which she could do

"I went to a big meeting of a woman's club once, There was an election of officers. The candidate for reelection stood outside the door and kissed every woman that came in. To hear them talk you would think that they would lose a right eye to oblige here The other candidate stood inside the door and kissed them all over again. They fed her the same grade of hot air.

"When it came to the voting, a large lady, with a ace like a zebra and a pair of diamond earrings that looked like the lamps on an automobile, got all the votes but two. Then it came out that she had promised the secretaryship of the organization to nine different women, each of whom had a drag.

"Well, the women began to make motions. Emousie resolutions were hurled in in five minutes to paper the room. The presiding officer, who happened to be the zebra-countenanced lady aforesaid, waited until they had all talked themselves out of breath, adjourned the convention and sailed out of the hall like an ocean liner. It wasn't according to Hoyle, or Cushing, of anything else, but she won out because her nerve put

the others in a momentary trance." "My wife is president of her club," announced the Cigar Store Man, proudly.

"Yes," answered the Man Higher Up. "I remember you told me once that you always got up and cooke your own breakfast."

### Postal Cards Popular.

Interesting statistics in regard to the use of postal cards have just been published by the International Bureau, of Berne. They show that during a year more postal cards and used in Germany than in any other country, the figure, which thraw light on this point being as follows: Germany,

which Columbia bestowed on him eleven have softened his resentment against years ago, and of which the average the title he so worthilly bears.

D RANDER MATTHEWS is said to be any of his clubs who should apply the "touchdowns," "goals," "punts," "drop Scrowing reconciled at last to the opproprious epithet to him. A decade kicks," "half-backs" and so forth, like title of "Professor." This prefix, of professorship, however, is said to which Columbia bestowed on him eleven have softened his resentment against hext two months.